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THE  
L A T I N O D E S  
O F  
M<sup>R</sup>. G R A Y,  
—  
IN ENGLISH VERSE,

W I T H

A N O D E

O N T H E

D E A T H of a favorite S P A N I E L.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in ST. JAMES'S STREET.

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## А. Я. С



Finals to HTA 3G



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Odes are intended, with another very lately published,\* as sincere, though feeble testimonies of respect to an Author, who successfully adopted Delicacy of Reflection from the Roman, Sublimity of Expression from the Grecian Lyrist, and painted moral Sensibility from Nature, and himself.

\* Ode Pindarica pro Cambriæ Vatibus Latino Carmine reddita.—  
1775. Matthews, Cambridge.

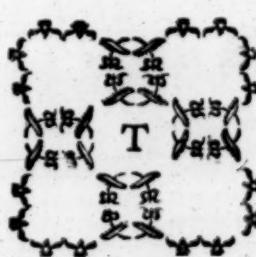




THE  
L A T I N   O D E S  
O F  
M<sup>R.</sup>   G   R   A   Y.



O   D   E   I.



HY task the barbarous Seats to roam,  
Which restless Law proclaims her Home,  
With me to tend the wordy jar,  
The boiling Gownfman's mimic war,

Is't not thy wish in Quiet lay'd  
Beneath the broad Elm's social shade,  
With Books Life's tumults to beguile,  
And idly lure the Muse's smile?

Full oft with step devoid of care  
 I brush the Dew, to meet the Fair,  
 To meet her, ere *Aurora's* light,  
 Nor quit her 'mid the gloom of Night.

Where'er I stray, on ev'ry Hill  
*Parnassus'* heights my Fancy fill  
 Fertil of woods; I view below  
 Each Stream an *Aganippe* flow.

Gay-laugh the Spring, while I inhale  
 (Gay-laugh the Nymphs) the morning Gale,  
 (Nor mine inelegance of Smell)  
 Breath'd from the Violet's filken Bell.

Reclin'd upon the flow'ring grass  
 I see the nimble Waters pass,  
 Soft-chiding, as they weave their way,  
 Each Pebble, wishing their delay.

[ 3 ]

These simple cares were wont to cheer  
My Soul each happy, circling Year,  
While purer flow'd the Western hours,  
And Comfort wak'd the social Pow'rs.

Nor rural Leisure mine to shun,  
True as the Flow'r, that wooes the Sun ;  
(Though Tempests swell with churlish rage,  
And Summer bend with Winter's Age)

Whether inspiring Labor's train  
His Car refreshes Hill, and Plain,  
The Dawn while Eastern Tracks unfold,  
Array'd in Purple, and in Gold,

His Orb I hail with watchful sight  
Benignant Prodigal of Light :  
Or if he *paints* in milder pride  
With flame his favor'd *Calpe*'s side,

How

How faintly sinks th' expiring Ray,  
 Till the last glimm'ring blush of Day !  
 The playful Clouds from Æther steal,  
 Till Shades the verdant scene conceal.

Oh ! were my happier lot to share  
 (Dead to the world, and all its care)  
 Such calm decline, such peaceful doom,  
 As smiles a welcome to the tomb !

No, splendid God, thy mid-day blaze  
 Too lavish Charms for Me displays ;  
 Bask Thou, *Olympus*, in the Beam,  
 Proud of the Light's luxuriant Stream.

## O D E II.

**F**OUNTAIN of Tears, whose softer Mine  
 Treasures the Soul of source divine,  
 He, pious Maid, is ever bleſſ'd,  
 Who feels thee flowing through his breast.\*

## O D E III.

**P**ARENT of Roses, from whose wing  
 The infant Gales of Zephyr spring,  
 Thy Breath, the Nurse of fond Desires,  
 Thy Praise the Sylvan Train inspires.

Say in what cool, ſequeſter'd bow'r  
 My Friend deceives the leisu're hour ?  
 Say ! is the Lyre's ſweet Magic lay'd,  
 Or charms it the Pierian shade ?

C

His

\* The Title of Ode is hazarded to these four Lines, the Original, though very abbreviated, being exquifitely marked with Sentiment and Expression.

His richer Fancy wand'ring wide !

\* Yet heedless of the *Classic Tide*

*Chill'd by the Grove, of Alba's Boast,*

—Ev'n of the *Man*, he values most.

To *Faunus*, and the Satyrs dear,

Ye, whom proud *Anio* taught to fear,

Rolling his stream the rocks along,

Forests of Pine, attend my Song !

Fam'd *Tibur* oft, and oft the shade,

Where Friendship's foot enchanted stray'd,

Hills, Valleys, Streams have tun'd his name,

While Echo swell'd the Notes of Fame.

Ev'n Me the Naiads deign'd to view

Stretch'd on the bank of glift'ning Dew,

Where once the Lyric Bird would lave

His pinions in the sacred wave.

Hark !

\* This Ode was written by Mr. GRAY immediately after his Journey to *Frescati*, and the *Cascades of Tivoli*.—Mason.

Hark ! while he sweetly trills, the Wood  
 Is Silence all, unmov'd the Flood !  
 And still (the Muse commands) his strain  
 The Laurels old, and Rocks retain.

Nor wonder thus the Scenes inspire  
 Each Chord, that flutters on my Lyre ;  
 While Nature feels luxuriant Spring,  
 She calls the meanest voice to sing.

Wrapp'd in each Leaf (nor ill I deem)  
 Still *Phœbus* sheds th'enthusiaſt Dream ;  
 The Rills, the Breezes whisper round,  
 Accents—of more than mortal Sound.

## O D E IV.

**H**AIL the Name, thou lov'st to grace,  
 Religion of this aweful Place !  
 Pow'r divine, who deign'st to rove  
 These thy native Streams, and Grove !

Mid the Rocks, that frown on high,  
 Mark the present Deity !  
 Mid rugged Mountains, craggy Steeps,  
 The Night of Woods, the Roar of Deep's !

Thy genial Charms eclipse the gleam  
 Of *Pheidian* Art, of Citron\* beam ;  
 Ruler of thy Votary's breast,  
 Thine to sooth his toil to rest !

Fortune, from this envy'd Seat,  
 Where Silence consecrates Retreat,  
 Wilt thou bar my willing Soul,  
 Doom'd to Life's tempestuous roll ?

Seats, like These, thou guardian Pow'r,  
 Bless my Day's declining hour !  
 Happiest Wish ! this Port to share,  
 Far from noise, and vulgar care !

## O D E

\* Orig.—*Trabe citread.*

## O D E V.

## On the Death of a favorite SPANIEL.

[‘MR. WALPOLE had a little, fat, black Spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the Chaise-side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of Pines, and on the other a vast Precipice; it was noon-day, and the Sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out-rushed a great Wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seised the Dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a Minute; we all saw it, and yet the Servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the Dog. If he had not been there, and the Creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses; Chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty Fathoms perpendicular down the precipice.’]

*Mason's Memoirs of Mr. Gray's Life, and Writings.*  
—Letter 10th.

WHERE in lone grandeur to the sight  
 Alps heave o'er Alps, tremendous height,  
 The PAIR congenial roam;  
 —Ah! why the rugged Road to stray,  
 To climb Ambition's narrow Way,  
 Why quit your peaceful Home?

D

HERE

al.

**HERE** Pines; stern Rulers of the Grove,  
 With waving foreheads tow'r above,  
     And close the solemn Scene ;

**THERE** frowns the Precipice below—  
 The aching eyes no object know  
     Th' unfathom'd Void to screen.

**SOL** in meridian glory bright  
     Darts forth a richer stream of Light,

To gild the savage place :

When sudden from the shady Steep

A Wolf (ev'n now the Tale I weep)

The monster of his race

Springs furious—whence thy waste of force ?

How poor, if Hunger urge thy course,

The little Spaniel's Treat !

—Oh ! spare, the helpless Suppliant spare !

Still let a Master's anxious care

His faithful fondling greet !

[ 11 ]

In vain—for deaf to Pity's cries  
Forth to the Steep the Tyrant flies,  
And bears his yelping prey ;  
—Resentment, check the Pistol's Fire !  
He's fled——what wishes would conspire  
To stop the *Lightning's* Sway !

Thus oft in Health's serener Spring,  
The frolic Spirits on the wing  
For Pleasure's varying joys,  
Misfortune leers, a jealous fiend,  
**A Favorite** first, at last a FRIEND,  
(That happiest Boon) destroys.

Yet oh ! ill-fated Spaniel, hear  
A Master's sigh, a Master's tear,  
That drops upon thy grave !  
Pattern of Constancy, and Truth,  
Whose Life could cheer *his* earlier Youth,  
Whose Death *his* Life could save !

*E. B. G.*

[ 10 ]

also a good deal — now, i

call myself a confirmed atheist

and a member of the church.

He is a good man —

excellent blower and a good — bell ringer

I am going to see the

Theatre in New York on Friday

Theatre on Saturday evening



British Museum, London

A Lecture given at the Royal Irish Academy

on 20th November 1938 by

Key to the British Museum

and its collections

by Sir J. M. D. Gurney

Lecture on Configuration of Europe

and its collections

Key to the British Museum

20.11.38

